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FOURTH OF JULY

ORATION,

1877.

DANIEL T. TAYLOR.





Class F129

Book C4T2





# HISTORICAL ORATION,

DELIVERED AT

CHAMPLAIN, N. Y.,

—:ON THE:—

FOURTH OF JULY, 1877.

—:BY:—

DANIEL T. TAYLOR,

—

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF CITIZENS.]

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## DEDICATION.

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*To the citizens of my native town, CHAMPLAIN, N. Y., whose pleasure and welfare is thereby sought; especially those persons who have generously assisted to defray the expense of its issue; and particularly to our honored and venerable townsman, Lorenzo Kellogg, whose friendly action has been chiefly instrumental in its publication, this little work, with many kind wishes for their prosperity and happiness, is respectfully dedicated by*

THE AUTHOR.





## FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

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*Mr. President:*

*Ladies and Gentlemen: Citizens:—*

Standing face to face under these benign skies and beneath our starry banner, the flag of a hundred years, with joyful reverence and sincere thanksgiving to the stupendous Artificer of heaven and earth, the Giver and Preserver of our lives, be it ours to celebrate with one accord the birthday of a free and happy nation. Fled away is the red man's reign of a thousand years; the white face is monarch of land and lake. And while you listen, I will tell you the story of how this change transpired.

It was on the morning of the 4th day of July, in 1609, that Captain Samuel de Champlain, a Frenchman by birth, and then governor of Canada, accompanied by sixty painted warriors of the Algonquin and Huron tribes, embarked in twenty-four birch-bark canoes, came up the river below where now stands Fort Montgomery, and entered the waters of our beautiful lake. The appearance of the pale face was the signal for a new era in all these lands; thenceforth the march of navigation, commerce, and civilization through this valley began, nor ceases with the years.

Champlain brought with him the two pacificators of barbarianism, namely, the Bible and the fire-arm. His maxim was that a single

soul is of more value than the conquest of an empire, and his weapon of warfare, used effectively in the expedition with his Indian allies against the Mohawks, was the arquebuse. He bequeathed his name to the newly found body of water, and died at Quebec in 1635.

For a century the French laid claim to these waters and all the adjacent lands. They dotted the shores here and there with fortifications, and their flag flaunted over forest and wave. To protect themselves from hostile savages, they erected Fort Sorel, at the Richelieu's mouth, in 1641; Fort St. Louis, at Chambley, and Fort St. Theresa, on the Sorel, went up some years later. Fort St. Ann was built on Isle la Motte, in 1665, traces of which, in the remains of thirteen little mounds, are visible to this day, although constructed by the hands of these men of France two hundred and twelve years ago. At this era of discovery and settlement, the white population of the entire province of Quebec only equalled the combined numbers of this village and Rouse's Point to-day, while that of the province of New York was less than twice the population of our town now.

Lake Champlain was the key of Canada, the tunnel's end of New York. Its waters furnished a highway for the predatory expeditions of the treacherous Iroquois, that roamed through all the environing wood, as also for the navies of the French and English, who engaged in frequent bitter strifes. In 1666, you could have seen three expeditions of 500, 300, and

again of 1300 men, move over these waters and past these shores southward to effect the subjugation of the fierce Mohawks. Bold officers, Jesuits, priests, and cannon accompanied, and all rushed to battle in the name and for the glory of "the Cross." Fort St. Ann was the post of rendezvous, and could you have seen Isle la Motte on the morning of September 28, 1666, you would have heard its shores echo with the shrill whoop of the painted savage, and the din and stir of military preparation for the coming onset. The cruel enemy was conquered, and twenty years of peace followed. But in 1688, war's dread compliment was hotly returned, and 1200 Mohawks trailed over the soil and the waters of this town northward to Canada, and spread terror and devastation on all their march through the white man's domain.

Then the French and English broke peace, the war lasting from 1689 to 1697. It was in 1690 that Schenectady was invaded in the dead of winter by the savage tribes of Canada, the village burned, and its inhabitants butchered in cold blood. This soil lay on the route, and was the marching ground of the invading foe. Then came the English captain John Schuyler, and in retaliation burned La Prairie; its fort being captured the same year by Major Phillip Schuyler and his force of 450 men. Going and coming these foes traversed our soil. Count de Frontenac, in 1695, followed Schuyler back in hostile expedition with 700 French and Indians, thus dashing forward and back the

shuttle-cock of war over the foot of our beautiful lake. In 1697 came the peace of Ryswick, and quiet reigned over these grand old forest solitudes until Queen Ann's war in 1702, which lasted until 1713.

It was through Champlain that the French and Indians went to plunder Deerfield, Mass., in 1704, while the years 1709 and 1711, saw the English army from the colonies fighting on the soil of Canada. Then to protect their interests, the French built Fort St. Frederic at Crown Point, in 1731, and although the English protested, it became for twenty-eight years the seat of French power on the lake, and the flag of France ruled these shores.

Assured of their claims, in 1733 and later, the governor of Canada issued grants to various persons, of large tracts of lands situated on each side of the lake. Sieur Pean, the major of the town and castle of Quebec, became the claimant of what is now the soil of this town, with Chazy, and Isle la Motte, while Sieur de Lisle had Alburgh Tongue on the Vermont side. Some 800 square miles on both sides of the lake were laid claim to in these various grants. Sieur Faucault, of the French marines, came after a while in possession of Alburgh, and built a windmill there in 1744, the remains of whose walls are yet standing. A settlement was formed about it, and for several years there could be observed upon Windmill Point—then called Faucault's Point—as many dwellings as are found there to-day. The windmill is the

oldest preserved relic in all these parts, built now 133 years ago, a memento of another century, and a witness that history repeats itself.

War came again in 1744, and its desolating heel stamped the little colony into the dust. When in 1759, Peter Kalm, the traveller, saw the place, all was in ruins. Among the names of Faucault's settlers was that of Labonte, whose posterity subsequently became refugees from Canada, and having served in the war of the Revolution, to them with others, lands were by the state granted in Clinton County. So late as the year 1800, the French laid claim to these valley lands, but their claims, although in litigation in the courts, could not be established, for in 1763, all our valley and lake reverted to the English by conquest, and we took them from the English twenty years later, to have and hold the same forever.

In 1755, Isle aux Noix, to the north, first became a military post; and through these waters and past these shores went Baron Dieskau, in command of several thousand soldiers to take and hold the region about Whitehall. Through these waters, in 1760, came Major Rodgers, with his brave band of two hundred and fifty men, landed on the Chazy shore, crossed with a party to Missisco Bay, entered Canada, and destroyed the village of St. Francis. The main body of his little army penetrated to Isle aux Noix, were seen by the enemy, and pursued by a force of three hundred and fifty, and a battle was fought near

Point au Fer. Strengthened shortly by three hundred Stockbridge Indians, Rodgers made our soil, with Windmill Point and Isle la Motte, his camping ground, and in June and July, one hundred and seventeen years ago, our shores and the dim old forest aisles were alive with military strife and the crash of war. The end came. The French were driven off the lake. Montreal surrendered to General Amherst. Canada, since 1763, has been a province of Great Britain.

In 1763, John Baptiste Lafromboise and others settled on the Chazy shore. It was perhaps the first regular settlement of any portion of what afterwards became Champlain soil; for we are to remember that all of Chazy was once Champlain. Then war routed the new settlers, until the peace of 1783.

In 1777, a hundred years ago, Burgoyne swept through this wilderness towards the south. He headed an army of 7390 brave soldiers. With 1500 horses he dragged 700 carts loaded with munitions of war over our soil. He occupied the then fortified sites of Point au Fer and Isle la Motte. He built a cross-way of logs over the impassable flat southward on the shore, from the mouth of Chazy river to where now is Saxe's Landing. Traces of it remained for fifty years. He styled this region at that date "the desert." Like the wolf on the fold he came down. Only the year previous the Americans had invaded Canada, were defeated, and retreated right across these lands; and

bivouacking at Point au Fer and Isle la Motte, dispirited, weary, and smitten with the small-pox, buried hundreds of their dead on the soil of our town and on the island; then moved on southward. In the flush of pride Burgoyne followed the retreating and discomfited general, Armstrong. How he styled the Americans "rebels," how he called General Washington "Mr. Washington," how he gave up his sword to General Gates, and how Molly Stark did not, at Bennington, become a widow, are matters of history too well-known to be repeated here.

Resuming our local history. In 1773, William Gilliland had settlers on the Chazy shore, ten miles south of the Canada line. He declared that these, together with fifty other families, near the mouth of the Bouquet river, were the first settlements ever made under the British government on Lake Champlain. Evidently the Chazy shore at that date was settled by Americans and English. Four years later, in 1777, now a century ago, I find a single family named Vinelagh living on old Rouse's Point, a narrow strip of land partly removed, many years since, to form the bank of Fort Montgomery.

In 1774, Point au Fer became a military post. By order of General Sullivan, a strong garrison house was thereupon erected. It was constructed of stones, surrounded by a stockade, and manned. Ethan Allen appeared before it with several armed vessels, and from that time

this point became an important post. For twenty-two years the building was known in military journals as the "White House." It was the scene of stirring adventure, of imprisonment of captives, rendezvous of passing armies, and the resort of the most celebrated men of the Revolution. On that spot, almost renowned by historic association, have stood the feet of General Burgoyne, General Armstrong, General Sullivan, General Schuyler, Benedict Arnold, Colonel Ethan Allen, Colonel Ebenezer Allen, Seth Warren, Remember Baker, Governor Clinton, after whom our county is named, Benjamin Franklin, of world-wide fame, and Charles Carroll, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and others less noted, whose names are lost in the mists of years.

Soil and forest, hilltop and lowland, shore and water felt the tramp of war. At times the "White House" wore a gay and truly military aspect. September 6th, 1775, witnessed 1200 New York and New England troops assembled about it, with numerous vessels carrying eight or ten pieces of cannon, anchored near by. The next summer eleven naval vessels, with sixty-four guns, seventy-eight swivels, and manned by three hundred and ninety-five seamen, lay on the waters that divide Windmill Point and Point au Fer. Benedict Arnold was in command. Hostile Indians attacked a party of men who had landed on the Rouse's Point shore, and the replying cannon from the war vessels awakened the echoes of the forest that



then swept down close to the water's edge. The thunder of the guns was heard at Crown Point. The English fleet rode out of the Richelieu. Arnold fell back; Captain Pringle followed. The naval engagement at Valcour was fought; we were beaten, and our brave English cousins took possession of the lake, to abandon it again and forever in a few years.

The war ended in 1783, but it was not until 1796 that Britain relinquished her hold of these waters. The English Commodore John Steel, with his armed brig "Maria," guarded this outlet, and covered our shores. Sometimes four, sometimes twenty British cannon swept the waters of the harbor. Every American vessel lowered its "peak" and paid obeisance to the royal ensign. Steel made a garden on the shore and for ninety years it has been known as "Steel's Garden." Justices in Alburgh, Vermont, were disturbed in their vocation. Every month Steel sent a corporal's guard to Judge Moore at Champlain, and warned him off this soil. Lord Dorchester ordered the people for ten miles this side the line to be enrolled with the militia of Canada. But the treaty of amity came, and the last red coat disappeared from the "White House." It is seventy-nine years since Point au Fer held a British soldier. Early in this century the old garrison house was accidentally burned and went to ruin. It stood on the north end of the Point, and exactly on its romantic site to-day is the dwelling house of Mr. Richard Scale.

I have just sketched in brief the first period of discovery, warfare, and impermanent settlement of the outlet region of Lake Champlain, sweeping rapidly over a term of one hundred and seventy-five years. *Sic transit anni*. I now come to another period, the period of American settlement, of schools, of churches, and permanent civil life. Listen ! Behold !

## I.

Behind the squaws light birch canoe  
The steamer's wheels go round,  
And village lots are staked for sale  
Above old Indian mounds.

## II.

I hear the tread of pioneers,  
Of nations yet to be ;  
The great low wash of waves, where soon  
Shall roll a human sea.

## II.

Tradition says that a drummer boy, in the service of the American army, on its retreat from Canada in 1776, while crossing the river which runs through our town, observed to his comrades that he should one day return and settle on the banks of the stream he was then fording. This drummer boy was Lieutenant Pliny Moore, who, when the war had ended, nine years later, advanced into this wilderness, not as others had come before him, to tent for a night, but to stay, to live, to die ;—not for purposes of war, but for noble resolves of peace. With him came many of his comrades in the war and some civilians, to the number of seventeen, who contributed to the task of turning this region of forest into the fruitful

field. The "Moorfield Grant" of land had been made the settlers, and Mr. Moore came first with James Savage and Daniel Clark, in 1785, to survey it; forty of the lots fell to Pliny Moore. This square tract contains 11,600 acres, and on it lies the northwest portion of the body of our town. It subsequently, as is well-known, took the name of the "Smith and Graves Patent."

In 1787, Moore came again, erected a dwelling house on the site between your National Bank building and the old Pliny Moore house now standing, a sawmill, near where now are Whiteside's Paper Mills, and soon after a gristmill, close by the site of yonder iron bridge that spans your river. Thus "Champlain Town" as it was then styled, began to be. A year later the town was organized and its civil history opened. The act of incorporation is dated March 7, 1788. Hence we are within eleven years of our centennial. It was a big town. It took in all the land south to Plattsburgh and all west to St. Lawrence County. It was large enough to slice off half a dozen other towns from it at various later dates; Chazy, Altona, Mooers, Clinton, and Chateaugay at one time being territorially parts of Champlain. Two years later at the first United States' census, there was found within its limits a total number of 578 souls, or about 100 families; it ranking then as the most populous town in Clinton County.

Previous to the dates given, as early as 1784.

came the Canadian refugee soldiers to whom the state had granted lands, they first settling on the Chazy shore. Only a few dozen families remained permanent residents,—the most sold their lands and went to other parts. Capt. James Rouse settled in 1793, on a ridge of land just southwest of where now lies Fort Montgomery, and his name is given to our lake village. Others took up lands south of the river's mouth, and at Corbeau, now Coopersville. Their names are still found in our history, among the French speaking citizens.

It is unfortunate that all the town records of Champlain, previous to 1793, are lost. On the records for that date and down to 1800 I find the names of one hundred and eighteen citizens who held the various town offices. Some of these names are still spoken in our ears; I mention those of Moore, Ausline, Bowron, Paulant, Converse, Boileau, Dunning, Dewey, Corbin, Bleau, Bosworth, Randall, North, Bateman, Leonard. Alas! how few are living to-day who wore their youth and prime four-score years ago! In 1862, I found in our town one pair of eyes, that at the age of four, had looked upon the old skies and forests of 1788. To-day I know of not one such above the sod!

I can only skim over the swift-footed years of our first two decades. The great State Road down the west side of Lake Champlain was opened in 1790. Its terminus was the town, and it served to aid the infant colony, forming an admirable highway for the advancing tide of

civilization into these northern wilds. In 1797, Pliny and Benjamin Moore opened the first land office in this village. That year there was a mail to this place from the south and east once in two weeks, the postage on a letter being twenty-five cents. Travel was slow. Elias Dewey and family occupied a week on their voyage of a hundred miles, from Whitehall to our shore, in the sloop "Drowning Boy." At the census of 1790, three slaves were put down as owned by persons in Champlain; Judge Moore having one—Phillis, a colored woman. In 1810, Clinton County was credited with having twenty-nine slaves; in 1820, two slaves; in 1830, none.

The inevitable school teacher came early, and so long ago as 1797, I find the sum of \$62.56 expended in education, and one John Norburn holding the ferule at our log-house seats of learning, and driving knowledge into the heads of youthful Champlainers. Long live the ubiquitous school teacher! Long flourish the district school house! Let us part with neither while grass grows and water runs.

Growth was slow. So late as 1800, your village flat was dotted here and there with huge pine trees, while fallen monarchs of the forest and great stumps reposed about the soil, and felled across the river formed the only bridge at the site of the mill. It was disputed among the fathers whether the village should set down its feet just here, or still lower down at the Rapids. The advocates of the last idea finally

gave up hope, and Champlain squatted in this hollow, and when the hollow was full ran over on the surrounding hills.

In 1798, the town licensed five "Taverns." The first death was that of Captain Joseph Rowe, in 1798, and the first birth was that of Ann Moore, the same year; Edward Thurber brought the first double wagon to roll over our roads seventy-eight years ago, and every man in town came to see it, and when sixty-six years ago Pliny Moore introduced the first piano—an old harpsichord—the ladies of his family were the envy of everybody far and near.

Very early came the ministers of the Baptist, Methodist, and Congregationalist orders, and churches were established for the worship of God. The dates of the organization of churches were as follows: Congregational in 1802, Baptist in 1804, Methodist in 1800 or 1810, Roman Catholic in 1818, Wesleyan in 1843, and the Episcopal in 1853. As civilization cannot flourish without Christianity, it is well for us all to remember to love and cherish these blessed institutions, inasmuch as without them we are sure to relapse into barbarism. When a people go so far as to forget their Maker, there is but a step between them and ruin.

I notice in passing a few odd incidents. In 1806, a bounty of \$20 was offered for each wolf's head and ears killed in the town, and a tax of fifty cents was put on each dog, of the year 1809. I think on the Spitz cur, of 1877.

there should be a tax of \$50. Nov. 26, 1802, William Corbin, merchant, was convicted before Judge Moore, Justice of the Peace, of the crime of selling "one gill of rum by retail, to be drank in his house," without having license according to law. The incident shows the old-time reverence for law, and the example set by the justice of seventy-five years ago is worthy of imitation by his successors in office to-day.

I make mere mention of the obnoxious "Embargo" era of 1808, when smuggling was considered a virtue, and smugglers were desperate; the exciting homicide by the custom-house officers of 1809, Elias Drake, a smuggler, being the victim; and the remarkable event of the same season when a steamboat, the old first "Vermont," first touched our shores,—and come to the war of 1812–14.

As ever previously, Champlain, lying in the track of the invading armies, was trampled under the feet of war. Her people were seriously inconvenienced, her growth retarded, and her interests suffered in the strife. As the door of war turned either way upon its harsh hinges, she found her fingers in the crack. Those three years are crammed full of stirring incidents. All through them the names of Gen. Henry Dearborn, Gen. Joseph Bloomfield, Gen. Wade Hampton, Gen. James Wilkinson, Gen. Fassett, Gen. Izzard, and the brave Col. Forsythe, renowned in war, figured in our history. November, 1812, saw Dearborn, with

an army of 5000 regulars and militia, encamped in their white tents on the lands of Judge Moore. September, 1813, saw Hampton here with another army equally as strong, and twice the next year came Wilkinson and Izzard, with nearly as large a fighting force, but somehow Canada was never successfully invaded.

In August, 1813, the infamous Col. Murray, with a fleet and 900 marines, invaded the lake towns, plundering Burlington, Swanton, Plattsburgh and Chazy. Our town did not escape. Armed soldiers set the torch to ten block houses used as barracks, consuming them to ashes, and domineered over our defenceless civilians. Only three months later, in November, 1000 British soldiers took possession of this village, and in retaliation for some petty offence committed by a few American troops, pillaged all the stores, threatened to let loose a horde of Indians upon the town, and spread terror all about for a day and a night. A merciful Providence averted the sacking and burning of the village.

The brave Forsythe, with 300 men, guarded the town in 1814. He was shot by Captain Mayhew's Indians in a skirmish on the Odell-town road, and lies buried in your cemetery, with no stone to mark the spot. Wilkinson was here in 1814. Leading 4000 troops, in March, with eleven pieces of cannon and one hundred cavalry, he attacked the British forces at Lacole only to meet with repulse. Then Izzard took command of 4500 effective soldiers



on this vexed frontier. Meanwhile a host was gathering at Isle aux Noix, with intent to invade the State and capture Albany. Izzard strangely moved south, and Clinton County was left to defend itself. Bravely it was done. The hour of crisis came swiftly on. It was the turning point in the strife. As Izzard retreated south, the advance guard of the British came over the Odelltown road and occupied our village, and the great army of Sir George Provost, 14,000 strong, immediately followed. For twelve hours they tramped over yonder bridge, into Main Street, up the hill, into the "State Road" southward. As they went the British fleet came in sight, and McDonough, whose fleet lay most of that summer in King's Bay, now passed up the lake to Plattsburgh Bay.

I pause in details here. How the great army, led by brave officers, and sprinkled with the veterans of Waterloo, failed to cross the Saranac; how they met an enemy only 3400 strong and were theirs; how they failed to "plant their garden seeds the next spring in Albany;" and how they came from Plattsburgh in less time than they went, you all know, and may be some of you remember. I will not repeat the story. Let the old enmity die. We feel just as sweet toward our Canadian and English cousins to day as if that army and fleet had never come. It was the master event that virtually closed the strife on this frontier.

The following are the names of those citizens of this town who, in that perilous hour when

our liberties were menaced, took up arms in defence of home and country. They are worthy of record here, and I call the roll of honor :

Abaz Albee	Abijah North
Charles Bedlow	Freeman Nye
Joseph Bindon	Marshall Newton
John Beagle	Witt Lain
Peter Beagle	Alexis Lavally
Aurelius Beaumont	Joseph Lavally
Francis Bleau	Daniel Moore
Wm. H. Beaumont	William Mooers
Criah Bedlow	J. Morse
Jonathan E. Bond	James Masten
William Blakeney	Daniel Moore 2nd
Josiah Corbin	Elihu Potter
Darius Churchill	Luther Pangman
Wm. J. Churchill	Pliny Rogers
Moses Cross	Solomon N. Rouse
Thomas Cooper	John Randall
William Corpe	Louis Rouse
James Downs	Mitchell Rouse
Augustus Dumas	James Rider
Benjamin Hinds	Abel Rider
Isaac Hayford	Jonathan Slater
Lorenzo Kellogg	Joel Savage
Robert Stetson	John Trask
Reuben Stetson	Isaac Town
Robert Stetson Jr.	Thomas Whipple
Caleb Smith	George Weeks
Ezra Thurber	Seneca Warner
John Watrous	Lyman Wright

Daniel T. Taylor

A few of these are with us to-day. Their

sons do them honor. But the great majority sleep in peaceful graves where the sound of battle disturbs no more. The years flew by.

Now came again blessed peace. Departed settlers returned; school houses were multiplied; churches established; commerce flourished. I can only mention in passing rapidly through the decades,—the remarkable cold summer of 1816, when it froze in every month of the season; the commencing to erect a fort on Island Point, the same year, which was two years later found to be in Canada, nicknamed “Fort Blunder,” and abandoned to decay; the visit of James Madison to this place, July 27, 1817,—it being the first and only visit to this town by any acting president of the United States; the decease, Aug. 18, 1822, of the early pioneer, Pliny Moore; the establishment of the first printing press at Rouse’s Point, in 1823, and the publication, by Samuel Hull Wilcocke, of our first newspaper, viz., “The Rouse’s Point Harbinger and Champlain Political and Literary Compendium”; the wonderful revival of the lumber interest, then and since, by the completion of the Champlain canal the same year, that gave a new impetus to that branch of business in all this region; the first Temperance Society, under the great Washingtonian movement, in 1828; the great fire of Nov., 1831, that consumed the old Nichols Hotel and three stores; the awful visitation of the cholera, in 1832; and to end this catalogue, the extraordinary snow storm of May 13 and

14, 1834, when snow fell to a depth of ten inches, and drifted in places two feet deep.

The years rolled swiftly by. You remember the rebellion in Canada in 1838-39, that disturbed us not a little; the two battles fought, one exactly where the railroad crosses the line, at the four corners near C. E. Cronkrites store, the other at the old stone church at Odelltown; the shooting at the first battle of Aunchman, and the narrow escape of citizen O. B. Ashman; the burning of buildings; the kidnapping of persons from our soil; the seizure of vessels and ammunition of war; the presence of soldiery; and the exasperated and excited state of many minds.

Then war's red hand again vanished; and you can easier recall those events in your history, the dedication of your academy in 1842, and the public burning of Bibles at Corbeau the same year; the thrilling and yet mistaken expectation of the end of Time, in 1843-44; and the commencement of Fort Montgomery, on the exact site of Fort Blunder, in the year 1844. Easier still do we all remember 1850, with the view to our delighted eyes of the first locomotive and cars, over the Ogdensburgh R. R.; the iron highway to Boston and Montreal, 1850-51, and the great bridge across where floated long ago Champlain's birch canoe, now linking with bands of iron New England and the Empire State. Leaping on a decade, past the unprecedented hail storm that devastated our fields and houses in 1856, and the

rarest, most destructive flood ever witnessed in our river, in 1857, I come to—

The war for the Union, 1861-64. Here I tread well-remembered ground. When the summons rang out on the air for men and money to save the nation, and *E Pluribus Unum* was to be demonstrated in tears and blood, old Champlain was not behind in action. Money was poured out like water, volunteers joined the ranks, and one family, that of Francis Matott, gave *eight* sons for service, who all shouldered their rifles and marched to the front. The total number of enlisted men and officers that stoutly went forth from home and friends to the deadly strife was two hundred and ninety-three. Of this number two were captives in Libby Prison, four were incarcerated in Andersonville, two of them dying of starvation; three lost an arm in defence of the country, twenty-five received wounds in the fight, twelve died in camp and hospital, and eighteen laid down their lives on the bloody field of battle, seven of the eighteen falling at Antietam. Thus, your husbands, your sons, your brothers, welded the shattered union with their blood, or bear the empty sleeves, or wear the glorious scars,—honor to the boys in blue!

Staunch brothers, who in woe or weal,  
When dastards cower and tyrants hate,  
The patriotic heart-throbs feel,  
And stand by our good ship of state.

Citizens, let us view Champlain as she is to-day.

From the howling forests and swamps of a hundred years ago, we are come to a landscape

of beauty, of smiling fields, of green meadows, of orderly highways, and gardens of flowers.

From the little hut erected by Judge Moore ninety years ago, we come to count more than 1000 dwellings, in 1875.

From a population of 578, in 1790, she has risen in numbers to 5314, at the state census of 1875, meanwhile reducing her size from an area equal to Clinton County, to some 30,000 acres, or 50 square miles of cultivated and wood land.

From a business of perhaps \$10,000 in 1800, she has come to one of a quarter or a half a million in our time.

From a total town expense of \$500, in 1820, and but \$38,000 in the forty-two years between 1814 and 1856, she has gone on to-day to an annual expense of \$4000, \$5000, and \$6000. From a total average value of real and personal estate of but \$1,500,000 in all of Clinton County during the years from 1814 to 1850, we have come to a valuation of some \$3,200,000 in this town alone in 1870.

From the one hundred voters our fathers could summon to the polls, ninety years ago, we have come to see an army of a 1000 men march up to the ballot-box in bloodless yet strong array.

From the old ox-cart mode of travel of the year 1800, we have moved down to the realization of fifteen miles of steam rail, whose road-bed occupies one hundred and twenty acres.

From the days when it took a week to reach

us from Whitehall, and when the first steam-boats conveyed passengers but four miles an hour, we have rushed into the marvellous era of a speed of 30 miles an hour, and roll to Whitehall or Ogdensburgh in four hours.

From a semi-monthly mail, with postage on each single letter twenty-five cents, in 1790, we have come to the daily or twice a day mail, with postage reduced 800 per cent on letters, and a postal card to San Francisco or to London for one cent.

Once it required days to convey a thought to and from friends in Boston and New York, now we flash our thoughts to the great centres of our country in a moment. Once, weeks were occupied in getting a newspaper from its office of publication in the cities to our homes : to-day we read the morning city dailies by the light of our evening lamp, and yesterday's news from all Europe and the Eastern Hemisphere, also, before we sit down to our breakfast.

From our school house, in 1800, we have come to count a dozen, with an academy.

A single first sheet sprang into existence, in 1823 ; since then nine others, with as many different editors, have flourished the quill in our midst ; two of these with a monster printing and book publishing house, exist to-day.

A single church edifice, constructed of logs, and costing \$100, stood up in 1818 ; now we count up eight noble church edifices, the estimated value of which is \$46,000.

All that civilization, art, science, culture.

literature, thrift, inventive skill, and Christianity can give us is our own. O people highly exalted! O land of freedom and of light! Who can count thy privileges, or put a price upon thy blessings! I have spoken of the days of strife, when—

Whether on the scaffold high,  
Or in the battle's van,  
The noblest place a man could die,  
Was where he died for man.

But no less in peace than war hath Champlain had her victories. Besides furnishing fifty-eight or more men for the state defence in 1814, and two hundred and ninety-three others to save the Union in 1864, our town has turned out for the use of society in religious life eighteen clergymen and three missionaries to foreign and Indian lands; in the medical profession twenty-four physicians; in the legal line fifteen lawyers, four district attorneys, and eight or nine judges of the city, county, and state; in literary life a college professor, several editors, with a number of authors; in state office fifteen assembly men, and in national two members of Congress; in civil life forty-five magistrates, all of whom began their career or were born in this town, and have served or are serving their day and generation to the best of their ability, none of whom I trust have lived in vain, but in their sphere have blessed the world.

To-day the hallowed name of Washington rings sweetly, sublimely, down the corridors of time. Peace be to his ashes. While the Old World dynasties come and go, in ceaseless



mutation, the nation whose independence he won, whose freedom he founded, exists unchanged in its greatness and glory. The spectacle of 45,000,000 of free people, covering a broad green land that stretches to the setting sun, is a wonderful one indeed. Nowhere else on earth do we behold another like it.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,

Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land?

Let us love our country. Let all her sovereign people assist, not to divide and disgrace her, but to make her united, pure, and grand. Long may her star of destiny as a nation shine brightly in the zenith. Long may its brilliancy attract the eastern peoples. Long may she prove the asylum of the oppressed. Long may her institutions of learning and religion abide. Long may her church spires, glittering in the sunlight, point upward to the skies. Long may this Union live, forming a nationality venerated and peerless, one and indissoluble, while time lasts. The land is broad, sirs, but there is "room in the air for only one flag." Long may it wave!

Fellow Citizens: To ensure our prosperity as a nation and a community, there are four things for us to do and remember. *First*, and highest of all life's duties and opportunities, we must hold sacred, and to the best of our ability, now and always, cherish and maintain all the ordinances and institutions of our Christian religion, never for one moment ceasing our allegiance in supremest loyalty to our God and

his good cause.

*Second:* We must with iron wills preserve uncorrupt and environed with intelligence and moral sense, the ballot box. He whose hands hold a vote is a sovereign, and his record in association with this symbol of power should in its sphere be spotless.

*Third:* Inasmuch as seventy-five per cent of the crime, misery, and pauperism, with death of conscience, in all our broad land, is caused directly and indirectly by the use of intoxicating beverages, we must insist from year to year upon their curtailment, if not their banishment from society. Happy for us all, gentlemen, when our voters, a thousand strong, march in solid phalanx to the polls and by the might of their suffrages cast down this throne of iniquity, and stamp the master vice under their feet.

*Fourth:* We must retain the common school. It is the legacy of our fathers. It is the heritage of our sons and daughters. It must survive superstition and bigotry. It must be stamped with immortality as one of our indispensable institutions. I cry to heaven to palsy the hand, whenever and wherever thrust maliciously or mistakenly forth, that seeks to rob us of our public-school system.

Doing these things we shall survive. But if Christianity, virtue, temperance, and education dies, the Republic will die, and liberty planted upon our shores fresh from the May Flower two centuries and a half ago, will take her everlasting flight. Be it ours to keep her with

us, founded upon the principles I urge to-day, and rooted deep in the virtues of our people.

Citizens ! To-day we are no strangers. To-day let us move heart to heart and hand in hand. Let us be loyal to our native town, and true to each other. We stand together on the soil that gave us birth. Together we testify our reverence for the memory of the fathers. We re-ignite recollections of the long gone past. We waken the most hallowed associations. The manly mould, the hardy enterprise, the patient endurance, the unconquerable energy, and devoted piety of our sires furnish example for the sons. Had they virtues ? let us imitate them. Had they vices ? let us shun them. Few are the links that bind us to the olden time. Some frosted heads, alas, how few ! can witness for a by-gone century ; all are passing away.

It is ever profitable to refer to the past. History may be painful, but it is full of instruction. But time moves on with swift and noiseless wing. The dead past is no more our own. The living, pulsating present is ours. The tomb yearns for us all.

And all within our graves shall sleep

A hundred years to come.

No living soul for us will weep

A hundred years to come.

And while the white throne summons every soul, I call you to high resolves and noble deeds. For

Time will end our story ;

But no time if we live well

Will end our glory.



**ERRATA.**

Seth Warren, page 12, line 12, should be, Seth Warner.

O. B. Ashman, page 24, line 11, should be, O. B. Ashmun.





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